

MRS. FLEMING HOLDS A LEVEE.

Wilkes, One of Her First Callers, Greeted with Fervor and Blushes.

All Visitors Warmly Received with Both Hands by the Acquitted Woman.

With Little Gracie and Baby Robin She Leaves for the Shaw Home in New Jersey.

JURORS EXPLAIN THEIR VERDICT.

Did Not Believe Little Florence King's Testimony Nor All of Scheele's—Not to Mary Just Yet—Her Fortune.

Mrs. Mary Alice Fleming passed the first day of her liberty in recovering her children, meeting Ferdinand Wilkes, accepting congratulations on her acquittal and telling friends how she felt about it.

It was all exciting to her, more exciting than any part of the trial, when she didn't know what her fate would be. Naturally she attracted great attention, and the public notice she received pleased her immensely. She held a levee at her lawyer's office, and her lawyers made a great deal of her. Her usual greeting was to seize those who called by both hands and say something like this very rapidly and emphatically:

"I firmly expected the verdict. It couldn't have been otherwise with the kind of evidence that was brought against me. It was a mass of untruth, and was so cleverly exposed by Mr. Brooke and Mr. Shaw that conviction was quite impossible. Conscience of my innocence, I have not expected at any time from the first to be convicted."

"I don't know what part of the trial impressed me most. It was all vivid—a real and terrible experience to me. My study of the evidence never altered my belief in the outcome for a moment. I really can say nothing about the testimony of the medical experts—I do not know whether it influenced the jury or not. I think it was rather their general conviction, taking the testimony as a whole, that brought about my acquittal."

ACTIONED NATURALLY, SHE SAYS.

"I had no strong impressions of either Mr. Brooke's or Mr. McIntyre's address. The evidence and the jury held my thoughts, and I think I felt no new sensations when the speeches were being made. I have no idea what the jury thought of the arguments. Perhaps they were to them, as they were to me, only a form of closing. The evidence was, after all, the main thing. The criticism that was made of me during the early part of the trial was very unjust. I have never failed to realize my true position. But that has never prevented me from seeing and understanding what passed at the trial. When I laughed, it was not because I was flippant or careless of the burden on me, but rather because my consciousness of innocence gave me strength to act naturally. I think, perhaps, people will understand it better now."

"My heart has been overflowing all day with love for my children, whom I can now have with me again."

Mrs. Fleming's eyes softened as she referred to her children, and she gently stroked the curls of her little daughter Gracie, who clung to her affectionately, as she told her story.

"I have not yet," she continued, "made any plans for the future. I shall devote what to do within a few days, after I am rested. I am greatly in need of rest. The last few days have been very trying to me. This statement she repeated with slight variations a hundred times. Naturally she was intoxicated with her freedom, and her prominence. Her bearing was in great contrast to her demeanor during the trial, and those who had come to think her a monster of indifference wondered at her display of human emotions."

RAN LIKE A SCHOOL GIRL.

The day passed in a perfect whirl. When she left the District Attorney's office she was driven direct to the rooms of the Gerry society, where her little daughter Gracie had been kept as a possible witness against her mother. From the cab Mrs. Fleming ran like a school girl to the big iron door of the society rooms. Inside the office Mr. Shaw presented the order from the court for the child. The clerk in charge of the office said:

"I am sorry, but I cannot give you possession of the child. You will have to see Superintendent Jenkins, and he is not here at present. I expect him in about an hour."

"What?" said Mrs. Fleming. "Don't I get my child?" The tone of her voice betrayed her apprehension that something unforeseen had occurred which might prevent her from securing possession of her little girl.

"That's all right," said Lawyer Shaw, reassuringly. "We will be back in an hour. It's only a little formality, that is all."

Mrs. Fleming's face brightened as the clerk also assured her it was all right. She left the building and entered the cab. Mr. Shaw ordered the cabman to drive to the Everett House for luncheon. During the meal Mrs. Fleming talked of the coming meeting with Gracie and the expected reunion of the children at Mr. Shaw's residence in New Jersey. She wondered if Gracie had changed much and if she would recognize her immediately. She spoke of the trial from time to time and the strain it had been upon her. After luncheon she and Mr. Shaw were escorted to the society's rooms. Superintendent Jenkins having arrived a few minutes before. Mrs. Fleming and the lawyer were escorted upstairs to the office, and the order for the child was presented to the superintendent.

The ill-starred little one had been prepared for the meeting. When the mother walked in the child uttered a glad little cry. The next instant she was in her mother's arms.

TEARS IN THE MOTHER'S EYES.

It ought to have been very affecting, but somehow the mother greeting the child from whom she had been kept apart for nearly a year could not be separated from the woman whom the public has pictured the unattractive prisoner, charged with a hideous crime, smiling and chatting while the facts for and against her were piled up in court.

While the child smothered her mother with kisses and pines her with questions, Mrs. Fleming's eyes filled with tears.

"She's looking well," said Mrs. Fleming, as she held her daughter on her knee and introduced her to Mr. Shaw, saying, "this is one of mamma's kind friends. We are going over to his house, over to his house, over to his house."

"Walter and Averill," inquired Gracie, eagerly.

"Yes, Walter and Averill and Robin," replied her mother, hugging her.

"Who's Robin?" asked Gracie.

Mrs. Fleming enlightened her about the baby who has spent the whole of his life behind prison bars. Then, of course, Gracie expressed a desire to see her little brother.

The child's hat was put on, and after bidding goodbye to the persons in the institution she took her mother's hand and seemed anxious to get away from the big building that had been her home since



MRS. FLEMING LEAVES THE TOMBS WITH HER TWO YOUNGER CHILDREN.

With her lawyer, John C. Shaw, she went to the Gerry Society's rooms, where her little daughter Gracie was being cared for, and on an order of court took possession of the child. Then she returned to the Tombs, and with Baby Robin bade farewell to the prison from which the jury had released her. She was in an almost ecstatic mood, and fervently shook hands with every one who sought the favor.

is a matter of indifference to me. So far as the cost of the trial is concerned, I can only speak of the pay of the experts. The total amount paid to all of these was less than half of what has been paid to a single expert in many similar cases. I have labored under great disadvantage in the case, and do not care to discuss the particulars.

Recorder Goff—The trial of Mrs. Fleming was long, tedious and full of the intricate legal and technical details that were away the interest and blunt the attentiveness of those who hear. The jury who passed upon the evidence was remarkably attentive and intelligently and conscientiously regarded of every point in the great mass of evidence adduced that had bearing upon the question to be decided. The process of selecting the jury consumed much time, but when the character of the jury is considered the time must be accounted well spent. Throughout the entire trial, and particularly during the days when the testimony of medical experts was being given, the jury was careful in its work and mindful of the importance of the facts adduced, both by the prosecution and the defense. It was a trial of great public and professional interest. I received during its progress many letters and telegrams from judges, lawyers and medical and legal students asking for admission to the sessions. Many others sent their cards to me by court attendants with the same request. So far as was possible I granted such requests. The most interesting sessions to this class of spectators were those at which the medical experts testified.

Juror John D. Buchtel—The chain of circumstantial evidence made by the people was incomplete. Several important links that would have helped to fasten the crime upon the defendant were missing. Naturally in their absence there was no other conclusion for us to reach but that given in our verdict. The jury did not place much reliance on Dr. Scheele's testimony and they attached still less credit to the statement of Florence King, as we believed that she had been coached to say what she did. We also throw out the statement about the Japanese vase on the ground that it had not been traced to Mrs. Fleming. We also took into consideration the character of the defendant and concluded that no person of sense would strew poison upon different articles in such a way as to bring about the condition of things described by Dr. Scheele. The prosecution failed to show a motive on the part of Mrs. Fleming for the commission of such a crime. She would have had no trouble, had she so desired, to hypnotize her interest in the estate for a good sum. When the jury first set to work there was a great deal of confusion and every one wanted to talk at the same time. It was then that Juror George T. Montgomery said that the consideration of the evidence must be conducted in an orderly manner if any good results were to be obtained. We realized that his point was well made, and accordingly it was proposed that the foreman of the jury act as chairman. The motion was carried unanimously and thereafter any juror who wished to make any remarks first addressed the chairman. After the first ballot there was a great deal of discussion. When the second ballot had been taken Juror Richard M. Montgomery made a speech of from twenty minutes to half an hour in length. He argued that each side must make concessions or an agreement could never be reached. About midnight we went out word to the Recorder that we couldn't agree, but he sent back word that we should keep at it and we did so. Then Juror George T. Montgomery got permission from the chair to remove his coat and he got the last obstinate man into a corner. He talked and talked to him until the juror came over. Then we took the third and final ballot. There has been something said in regard to the wives of the jurors speaking to them about the case. I can only answer for

my own good wife. She started to talk about the trial to me one evening, but I said to her, "Bougie"—that's a pet name I have for her—"do you know I could have you committed for contempt of court for what you're saying" and she made no further attempt to

way in which the trial was conducted. I do not see how it could very well have been shortened. I am sorry that the jurymen pleaded themselves not to reveal what took place in the jury room, because I believe the public wants to know how the verdict was

reached and ought to have the information. Still, we were so situated that we had to make such an agreement. It was due to the action of a certain jurymen. What the action was I do not feel at liberty to say nor can I disclose his name.



Mrs. Fleming's Arrival in Jersey.

At the Flinders station her eldest son, Walter, met and affectionately greeted her, and then, with the Shaws, she was driven to "The Maples," Lawyer Shaw's home, where she will stay as the guest of Mr. Shaw until she decides upon her future course. Her children will all be with her.

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HER DEATH CAUSED BY FIRECRACKERS.

Thoughtless Boys Threw Them Into Miss Donohue's Bedroom.

Curtains First Caught Fire, Then the Night Dresses of Mother and Daughter.

The Door Had Been Locked and the Key Misaid, So That Help Could Not Reach Them.

FATHER HEARD THEIR CRIES FOR HELP.

Burst Open the Door and Found His Daughter Fatally Burned, While His Wife Had Escaped with Slight Injuries.

Miss Katherine Donohue died yesterday in New York Hospital. She was twenty-eight years old, and had lived on the first floor of No. 412 West Twenty-fifth street, with her father, Peter Donohue, and her mother.

Monday night she and her mother were asleep in the front room of their apartment when some boys threw a package of lighted firecrackers through an open window. The explosions of the crackers awakened Mrs. and Miss Donohue, and they found that the lace curtains had caught fire.

The women tried to extinguish the flames with their hands, and had partially succeeded when their night dresses caught fire. On retiring, Mrs. Donohue had locked the door of the room and put the key on the mantle. In the excitement following the discovery of the fire she could not remember where she had hidden the key. The women ran around the room with their night dresses blazing, unable to secure aid.

Mrs. Donohue finally fell, and rolling upon her burning gown, extinguished the fire. Her daughter fought the flames until she, too, fell, but from exhaustion.

Mrs. Alice Howard, a neighbor, heard the women screaming, and tried to force the locked hall door. She was not strong enough, and added her screams, which Peter Donohue, coming home late from work, heard.

He rushed into the hall, and, shouldering down the door of the room, rushed in just as his daughter fell. He covered her burned body with a blanket and put out the last sparks of fire in the remnant of her night dress.

A policeman summoned a New York Hospital ambulance, but Miss Donohue refused to go to the hospital although later she was taken there and placed under the care of Dr. Harrison. Her burns were not thought to be fatal, but she suffered great pain until yesterday morning she became unconscious and so died.

Her mother's burns were comparatively trifling.

Detectives worked hard to discover the boys who threw the firecrackers in the room, but have found no trace of them.

BURDEN FAMILY HOME.

"An Outrage" to Pay Customs on the Stolen Jewels—Recovery Due Largely to Luck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden, accompanied by their two daughters, returned to New York from Europe yesterday afternoon on the steamship Majestic. Upon landing they were at once driven to their home at No. 6 East Twenty-sixth street, and shortly afterward dined at the Brunswick. Mr. Burden did not appear to be pleased to return to New York.

"I am coming back here," he said, as he stood on deck, "because it is necessary. The robbery of my house was a most remarkable one, and it will probably be utilized by some novelist."

"I wish to add," he said, as he gazed through the mist at Liberty Island, "that Captain O'Brien and his detectives did all in their power to unravel the mystery. That the culprits were discovered at all was largely by accident."

"I must decline positively to say anything about the prosecution of Dunlap and Turner until I have seen District Attorney Fellows, or his representative, and that will probably be to-morrow."

"What is your loss by the robbery?" was asked.

"That I cannot say," responded Mr. Burden, "but I must decline to attempt to estimate it. All I can say is that of the articles stolen there are still missing two gold watches, one-third of the diamonds of my large necklace, and at least one-third of the smaller gems."

From further conversation with Mr. Burden the inference was that the jewels stolen amounted in value to about \$50,000, and that all, but from \$12,000 to \$15,000 worth had been recovered.

"It seems to me an outrage," said Mr. Burden, as the Majestic neared the dock, "that I should be asked to pay a customs duty on my stolen jewels, but I suppose—"

and then, as Mrs. Burden touched him on the arm, and made a remark about "savage," he lifted his hand and walked away in the direction of his cabin.

Among the other passengers are Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lander, who were met at the dock by J. Pierpont Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane and the Misses Sloane and Mr. and Mrs. H. Walter Webb.

MRS. DRAYTON'S DEPARTURE.

Sails Quietly on the St. Louis—Farewells to Friends.

Mrs. Caroline Astor Drayton occupied a handsome suite on board the American liner St. Louis, which left this port yesterday for Southampton.

Mrs. Drayton retired immediately after arrival on the ship to her cabin and there received a few personal friends. Three handsome and costly floral pieces presented to Mrs. Drayton, decorated one of the tables in the grand saloon.

Three Policemen Dismissed. Patrolman Osborne Hamilton, of the Fourth Precinct, Brooklyn, went down to Sheepshead Bay a few days ago and raised a disturbance in a hotel. Commissioner Welles dismissed him from the force yesterday. William Brinkerhoff, of the Bergen Street Station, who during his four years' career as an officer has had severe charges preferred against him, was also dismissed. Patrick O'Neill, of the Third Precinct, who abandoned his post, refused to appear for trial and was dismissed.

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